

4 October 2005
7 Arlmont Street
Milford, Connecticut
06460

Ms. Valerie-Anne Lutz
Head of Manuscripts Processing
and Library Register
American Philophical Society
105 South Fifth Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
19106-3386

Dear Ms. Lutz:-

I have just received today your package of photocopies pertaining to the Sterling Lanier/Ivan Sanderson correspondence and I am immediately replying to confirm of receiving it safely and to return the requested photoreproduction agreement form as requested.

Enclosed is the signed and dated agreement form regarding the conditions to be allowed to quote from the Lanier file.

From my preliminary examination of the Lanier files, the information did confirm my original suspicion that science-fiction writer Lanier was in direct contact with Ivan Sanderson, but to a much more personal level than I ever suspected at all was occurring between them.

I intend to incorporate this new information into my revise manuscript about Sterling Lanier and his science-fiction series for which he is noted for. I will submit a copy of the manuscript first for your approval to be allowed to used the Sanderson information and that of the Lanier correspondence as your requirements requested.

Concerning the reference you made to the Lanier estate material. Research via the internet and science-fiction reference sources gave very scant background information on Sterling Lanier. One major problem that I had encounter was being unable to determine if Lanier is still alive or not (if alive, he would be 78 years). None of the available sources consulted was able to answer this question presently, and I would like to established if he is or is not still alive.

I wish to thank you for your considerable help on my research project, and there was no delay at all as I was actually surprise by your quick reply to my letter of inquiry.

Sincerely,

Gary S. Mangiacopra

Sanderson, Ivan Terence (1911-1973) . Zoologist

Papers, ca. 1920-1973. ca. 17,000 items. (27 lin. ft.).

This collection consists of correspondence, manuscripts, drawings, diaries, notebooks (restricted), and photographs. Sanderson began his travels in the jungles of Asia and Africa before starting his formal schooling at Eton and Cambridge in the late 1920s and early 1930s. His papers reflect his interest in animals, jungles, and natural history in general. Late in his life his interest turned to UFO's and he was the director of the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained. Table of contents (3 pp.).

Gift and purchases, through Mrs. Sanderson, 1977, 1983
(B Sa3)



Executive Office
104 South Fifth Street
Philadelphia, PA
19106-3387

Library
105 South Fifth Street
Philadelphia, PA
19106-3386

(215) 440-3400



AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
HELD AT PHILADELPHIA FOR PROMOTING USEFUL KNOWLEDGE

Thursday, September 29, 2005

Dr. Gary Mangiacopra
7 Arlmont Street
Milford, CT 06460

Dear Dr. Mangiacopra,

I apologize for the extreme delay in responding to your request, but I was away at the end of August and this past month has been consumed by a major book move here at the Library.

I've enclosed copies of the material in the "Stirling" Lanier folder, which includes rich personal and well as business correspondence between Sanderson and Lanier, who apparently was his editor. Despite the misspelling in the folder title, his name appears as "Sterling" throughout the correspondence. You would know better than I from the content whether it is the same person, but as several items are on Chilton Books letterhead, I would guess that it is the same Sterling Lanier.

Please accept the copies with our compliments. You need only sign and date the enclosed order form. If you wish to quote from or reproduce the letters, you would contact us regarding the Sanderson letters and the Lanier estate regarding the Lanier material.

Best wishes and we look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,

Valerie-Anne Lutz
Head of Manuscripts Processing and Library Registrar

American Philosophical Society
Photoreproduction Agreement

105 South Fifth Street
Philadelphia, PA 19106-3386

Order no. 05- 464

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7 Arlmont Street
Milford, CT 06460

Signature: _____

Date: 9/1/2005

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Sanderson Papers: Lanier, Sterling



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Sanderson Papers: Lanier, Sterling

ALMA, THIS MAKES ME A LITTLE
"CONTENTED"
CHILTON COMPANY INTER-OFFICE MEMO

TO You

DATE

Feb 7 '62

FROM me

SUBJECT

Intellectual Heredity and its
responsibilities, etc.

Dear Joan —

I cannot tell you how delighted I was by your suggestion of depositing your data (what amounts to your life work) with me.

As I told Pattie, although one can be, usually under extraordinary circumstances, cut off, as a physical heir, by a parent, one is seldom given the opportunity to become an intellectual heir, particularly of someone who has always been greatly admired for intellectual attainments. This, of course, was true in my case long before we ever met, and the idea of being your editor has really been a fantastic culmination of childhood dreams.

Now that personal affection has entered the picture (for both of you) it means even more.

It is a responsibility, but one I welcome. Never mind if there is no

4) I can really say no more. I am
very wary of emotional relationships,
having been battered a bit at one
time or another, and I have many
"close" friends who are not as close
as they think they are! I would
like to feel that I am, in a spiritual
sense, as you would seem to imply,
by this legacy, your son, and accept
the honor (as I) very proudly.
And that is all.

Love,
Stefany

P.S. I cannot refrain from pointing
out that the word "residual", with
which you have become obsessed, is
not correct. It is "residuary".

Yours,

Howling

CHILTON COMPANY INTER-OFFICE MEMO

TO

DATE

FROM

SUBJECT

money for a "suitable room". I'll put the stuff somewhere if I have to sleep on it. [In this light, I cannot help saying that I encouraged some such develop. over 6 mos. ago and spoke hopefully to Pattie at the time, saying, as I recall, "Well, he has so much data, perhaps he would let me be custodian of some of it!"]

I gather Alma knows nothing of this, but when she does, perhaps we could sit down and talk it over, with Edna included. I may add that had you made me your monetary legatee, I would have been very disappointed. Anyone can get money, somehow!

Also, I cannot ~~believe~~ believe you have never found anyone who was interested in your files, books & so on. Carrington, or someone of that sort would pay gold for them!

In addition, I cannot believe you

3) and I (or Pattie and Alma, for that matter) are going to "hate each other" at any period. We get along too well, and enjoy disputes too much (a point overlooked by the so-called psychiatrists!) I can see us enraged at each other, but never angry, if you take my meaning!

One point in your letter disturbed both of us a little, and this is your vague but re-iterated reference to taking some "major decision" or other. This makes me nervous. What are you talking about? What?

Finally, and I mean the following literally, and have not yet discussed it with Pattie, but will when and if, I wish to name a second son, if any, after you, using all your 3 names. (He will be known at home as "Stzell"). The first is earmarked for my beloved father, Benwick Bruce Junior. I have only 4 regrets in life and they are all deep ones:

- 1) Dad did not know Pattie
- 2) He never saw me really happy and "fulfilled".
- 3) He never knew you two.
- 4) You and Alma have no kids, you would have had beauts!



Sterling E. Lanier
2315 McClellan Parkway
Sarasota, Florida, 33579

8 June '72

Dear Jack,

A look at my calendar informed me that it was May 3^d, - so you can see where I am at!

I write to compare two sets of what Horace Walpole or someone of that period, would have called a "damned cramp hand." Curiously, though anyone complains about both our handwritings, they are, if odd-looking, perfectly legible.

Sorry you have Pinney as a problem. I am in a group therapy thing with Patti (run by a hospital and M.D.'s, not a bunch of money yoga types). I have noticed that Jews seem to revel in self-doubt, self-examination, and an endless measure of self-"uncertainty". Those in our group, invariably charming and high calibre types (college deans, etc.) are the hardest to get away from theory which enthralls them, to an honest revelation of whatever their particular emotional bug up really is. They are very good indeed at diagnosing other people's problems and use endless evasive tactics on their own!

(over)

Frankly, I have never cared for dear Ray, and I have noticed that anyone entering any financial dealings with him usually got the short end of whatever stick there was. But you have known him for longer than I, so need no warning.

For the third (and last) time, speaking, as I am of reading too fast (your favorite charge against me) have you got a copy of my latest book? Do you want one? Reply post paid, I remain, yrs. very truly, etc.

Sorry about your friend Russell - whom I never met. Anyone who believes in "faith healers" deserves all he gets. Next step, astrology and copper bracelets for arthritis! Has he tried Souders or Fatima?

Damn what to say about your own problem that I don't said already. You are one very healthy old piece of fungus and I count on you to fuck up any adverse medical prediction. Can't pray (except down on Halloween) but you are always in my thoughts.

What T.V. are you on? I never see you down here and I have cable which includes everything. Let me know. News better to radio, where driving a long a long way. (I know, very important, wife, audience, etc. I still never listen to it.)

Just finished a Great White Shark. One of my best, he says modestly, will be along in due course.

Love,

P.S. Threats in whose life?

And for what? Are you serious or being you?

Love,

14 Apr. '72



Sterling E. Lanier
2315 McClellan Parkway
Sarasota, Florida, 33579

He is silent.

Dear Old Man,

My last, I confess it in Gath, was quite , and deliberately provocative. The reason was that your last to hand seemed somewhat discouraged and low, and I frankly thought I might stir the fires! You know that I have always had the highest respect for your zoological expertise, though we part brass rags, as the Navy says, in other areas. Frankly, while I was honestly afraid of wax, in Bozo's case, it has always baffled me that you and Bernard could have been taken in by such a thing. I confess myself contrite, for two reasons, one being that in your last letter, you told me several things I had never heard before, the second being your own past record, ~~of~~ which I, of all people, have never ceased trumpeting in people's ears. This whole business is maddening: will it never cease? I think those films of Patterson's fantastic. While I have not a measure of your experience, I have observed animals in the field for a good many years. That was a moving, well-entity, in the color reels. It made my blood race to see it.

I had heard from Manny (I think) about Ryhiner. Poor old Peter. What an end for a genial, competent guy! Friedman I had only met twice, both times at Chilton and could form no opinion of, save that he remained very quiet all the time. Give me a talker. As to whom "your best friends" are, who turned into "vultures", I have no idea, though I am sorry to hear it. One reason I feel we have magaged to limp along as friends for a number of years is that I have always tried to avoid bothering you with my problems, feeling that frankly A) you had your own and B) your time was too valuable to serve as anyone's Wailing Wall. I get a bit of this, myself, and tend to choke anyone off whom I don't really like and respect. The number of persons seeking amateur (and free!) psychotherapy, seems infinite, and I have learnt to detect them early on.

The other night, I got squiffed, since copies of my new book came in. I hastily wrapped and mailed out a dozen or so (I paid, needless to tell you) and I hope I sent you one of the first. If it doesn't arrive in a week or so, let me know at once, eh? As usual, I kept no list of who got them.

Tom is being very silent. Me too wonders. I hear via grapevine, he is a) worried about the oldest boy, who has vanished; b) in a dirty faction fight at Geographic; c) got 3 books of his own coming out. I'll check.

Love,

Howling

* Synonym for Al Hardwick!

1st March, 1965.

Dear 'Howling',

Many thanks for yours of the 24th Feb. I've known for many weeks what's been going on but I did not want to either make a thing of it or be picayune -- quite apart from the fact that I have far too much to do. Taking your good letter p-by-p, seriatim (as I love to say!) :-

(1) As I know, the decision that "it was impossible to continue", etc was not taken after laborious discussion. It was a one-man decision that, having control, he wanted me out -- and he has every right so to command. Pity he did not have the guts to say so long ago; and, if you and Tom did know about all this, that you didn't tell our friend to get on with it. What's he scared of? Me? Not bloody likely.

(2) It didn't "have to happen" and, as a matter of fact, it hasn't. Point is that Nic and I could never see eye to eye on business, and especially the publishing business of which he knows, it appears, practically nothing apart from what he has learned from us three in the past six months. (Apart from that damned war in ~~1718~~ 1718 AD, which gets all Hollanders, we could never agree on straight business.) He's trying to put the cart before the horse, and I just went go for it. I've been in this business in one way or another for nigh on 30 years, and I know it won't work.

(2-A) (sort of) Nic, dear soul is hard-nosed but, to revert to history again, that's just why we are running the whaling industry and not them! But one thing does annoy me a bit. He asked for cooperation for 2 1/2 years to get him over the hump and all of us have given this and far beyond the piffling sums his poor budget has allowed. Your "solid delivery" means just that: not some half-finished product, rushed thru production. And quite apart from this, I have turned in everything asked on time (once we got the bloody mss) and have guaranteed to do so for the next Fall. Now he wants "futures" yesterday.

(2-B) (oh dear me, this para is going on and on.) You say "In view of your apparent refusal to put pressure on your authors" etc. Howling, old boy, are you out of your mind? First, if this is what "you" thought -- and since when have you taken over the company? -- why in the 'eff didn't somebody say so? Second, it's not only just plain balls but a goddam insult. You can see my phone bills any time you like; talk to the agents; see my files; and ask the truly competent young men who now work for me. I've been on the bloody 'blower' eight hours a day needling these monsters. Thank God it's all yours now -- you'll find out -- and in short order. Don't try and pull that one on me.

Sunday
28th Feb, 1965

Dear Howling,

Yours of the 24th -- mi gawd, already, yet -- I had hoped to be the first to write you, as you did me, a "I want to be the first to tell you letter" but the last four days have been brutal and, although I carried my typewriter in the car, I have not even opened it till now. (You've seen the 'workshop' in high gear. Well, this has far transcended that).

Hope Pattie is better. Mine is seemingly doing pretty well, all things considered. It's just as well that you weren't in the office last Tuesday as I didn't get in till 3:00 and Nic and I were chumblin' away till almost 6:00. I'd have wanted to come out and gossip, and this would not have done anybody any good!

Taking your letter p-by-p for simplicity's sake :-

(1) Funny thing is that, despite your (and everybody else's) expressions not one damned thing has so far gone wrong with the books I have produced and handled (despite revolutions, et alii) apart from hard work and the usual problems that anybody knowing anything about this business ought to have learned to expect. The authors have been late -- but all authors are. As things have gone along, I have reported on the status of each, each month, and first Charlie, then Nic have stated what they wanted done. It always was. Finally, we come up with a List that is approved. (I am not speaking of straight "disasters" like Wilson coming up with an impossible Final Draft, or Minto the same title as another book. That, nobody can help). Nonetheless, my books for next Fall List are rolling in on time, despite these alarms and excursions. So what's all the hysteria about?

(2) It was not "impossible for you to continue as we have been doing, in regard to....etc". To the contrary it was quite impossible for me or any of my authors to do so. Sudden changes of needs every month, and without my knowledge the moment I have left a monthly meeting without me even being consulted (or asked) don't make for happy authors, agents, or editors. If Nic wanted everything yesterday, he should have said so in the first place, instead of begging for help, ultra-work, and time-jamming, and then wasting everybody's time with interminable conferences. If you came to this particular decision after "laborious discussion", you would have done better to discuss it with me so that I could give Nic the facts and listen to his and your complaints.

(3) Maybe it would have been better if Nic had lost his temper with me. Might have gotten some honest sense out of him but I am afraid that he being, like me of European origin, does not work that way. (This is in part a joke son but, the fact they lost the war of 1718 is more than half the trouble!)

and/

(4) I still seem to be in the middle of your para 2. I knew perfectly well what was going on down at your/-- rather better than you did, as a matter of fact -- and I knew, about the time you re-joined, that Nic and I could never work together, though I had been promised the sky by him (in writing) when he first took over and I had given him my solid promise to do what he wanted, to the best of my ability for 2½ (two and one half years). As I told him recently, I won't and don't lick anybody's boots, and I just don't think that he knows the first thing about book publishing or, more so, running a business. The mere chaos within his organization ought to be enough to demonstrate this, though I would never for a moment say so to anybody trying to run a joint. He may be, as you call it "hard-nosed"; in my opinion he's just plain incompetent and has never heard of a thing called PR either internally or externally to his organization.

(4) I now come to the pith of your letter -- to wit the last sentence.... ~~para.~~ of your para two. ~~What~~ "all of us"? Have you taken over the joint? I've known all along what Tom thought; you've told me very clearly what you thought; and I've known for weeks what Nic thought so who's left? Connie and John (both of whom I admire enormously but for completely different reasons). My (our) dept never had anything to do with them, any more than I had to do with theirs'; so what not a little guts about all this nonsense. Actually, there just plain ain't any "Chilton Books" company. Period.

(5) Now, as to my "apparent refusal to put the pressure on your authors". Wow! You try it for size from now on -- and try charging the company \$800 per month for phones alone. I'm not mean; but, this time I'm going to sit back and just plain watch. Don't forget, my friend, I have had people working for me for some months. They know -- you don't -- just what pressure I've been exerting on my authors, day by day for months. (Of course, I could not threaten anybody with law suit on behalf of the company as I had no authority. But just try that one for size too and see what happens.) 'Nuff!

(6) Yes, Nic has made me a straight offer, strictly in accord with our personal discussion. I have not had time to study it yet but I shall; and then take my longtime advisers' advice. I agree that it is "honourable" but whether it is of any use to either of us I cannot at the moment say. As you now appear to speak for the 'company' I presume and assume that you will see the results in smart order. So much the better -- somebody has to take control. As Nic said: "This is not a divorce"; to which I replied "Well, then, let us call it a legal separation". Fair enough?

Sort of ends business.

I gave up writing interminable memos and letters about two months ago as I discovered that I had a lot of really useful work to do. Nevertheless, and I hope you will accept this in the spirit that it is meant and as a compliment, I love to bumble along to you on the machine, which is almost a part of my corporate body now.

Today, I have absolutely refused to attempt any real work after the last three rugged (brrrrrh!) days, so it is my pleasure to bang away at you before our next meal and getting some real sleep.

I have met/
neither/.. As to our personal relationship : it's a funny one and seems to puzzle everybody. I think I understand it. Maybe I dont. As you say, we have exchanged things and stayed in each others' homes and, of practically ~~of~~ all people/in this country, I love to mumble and argue with you about this and that of mutual interest. Of course, and we might as well face it, our wives dont get along together and .. of them likes us (i.e. our side of the fence). Why worry ? I have a feeling that Pattie still thinks that I "stole your job", and Alma will probably be equally convinced that you stole mine. But that's women -- bless them. I didn't ; and you didn't. This I know. I further know that I was not wholly responsible for getting you back into Chilton but I do feel that my car helped the boat along. And, I'll tell you something, Sterling : before you brought your big guns up, there really was a violent feeling against you, and it came from Nic. One day, I'm going to force him to repeat it in front of you over a drink. I repeat : the day I suggested you as the only possible aid to the company (before you did the Roger pixs bit for a louzy \$25) he told me flat that you were highly nervous and impossible to get along with in an office. Remember this please. I told him equally flatly that, whether it was right or wrong, his mind had been 'poisoned' and that he should at least meet you. I took you in. Do you remember ?

No, I dont think you have ever done anything "harmful" to me. If I had ever thought you had I would have both said so and "dis-engaged" (I'm getting to love that word) myself from you. We both admire each other's brains but you think I'm scatter-brained and I think you're an intellectual stuffed-shirt. Tampis ! We can agree to differ and still be pals, cant we ? We'll be around long after all these nitwits have gone into limbo or the great blue yonder.

Now, to my amazement, I find a very pertinent remark in your pen-ultimate para, in re business again. It goes as follows :- "the disagreement is not with me, but the declared policy of the company". This really brought me up short.

Look, chum ; first, there is no company ; second it has not and never has had any policy - despite interminable conferences and memos. That's just the trouble. How can there be any "disagreement" between two parties when does not even exist? I dont propose to go into a long lecture on how to produce a book based on a scientific subject but I can assure you it cant be done your (their) way but it can, has, and is being done on logical grounds all the time by real publishers. (As an example Frank Lane's K-of-the-O took seven years.) Should the 'policy' (if there is one) of the Company be to rush thru such works in a year, let them do so. That is and has been my only real bone of contention. If you can do it, you've got it made ; but, I dont believe you can. Meantime, I simply dont have the time to experiment any more.

Yers,

"Ike" - why ?

10th March, 1965.

Dear Howling,

So your letter rolls in this evening ! What makes with our mail service ? Normally, stuff gets to its destination (at least, ex here) overnight : but, a week ! This is some going.

This was a very nice letter -- like old times. I'm the one who should be sorry about all this folderoll ; and, as a matter of fact, I am rather. It's a pity, really, as you and I and Tom could have really 'zoomed' but... that's the way the world swings. And, I like your remark "your dislike of any kind of routine". Yes, that's it I suppose, though funnily enough I have run on a more rigid one than any mere 'office' for years. Maybe, I don't seem to, but I've worked to one, and I drive everybody to it, regardless of what extra-curricula activities I perform myself. But, a 'nine-to-five' No Sir !

Remember my saying several times that "perhaps in a year we will loathe each other" ? and you got rather peeved ? Well, I hope we haven't but this is just the sort of thing that I had in mind. Sterling, my dear boy, by the time you get to my age and have been thru as many different things as I have you will know that nothing is permanent except your own consistency. Everybody gave me one year with Chilton : I now round out four -- and I'll write a book about that too if I live long enough !

Let us forget Chilton and get back to reality. I will be down in (or thru) Philly fairly shortly as I have some really alarming 'business' to handle there and I would love to spend a night or two with you. (I might put on a radio act but, frankly, I have so much to do that I will probably ask you two to talk !). Yes, now I come to think of it this Chilton has "got in the way".

To end poor Nic : yes, but the trouble is that we are both Europeans, and neither of us will be bullied. I've said to you what I think and so I will not reiterate it. Maybe we can do some real business under the new proposal he has made to me. Only time will prove this (or anything else). I hope so as I rather like the little guy, and if he likes my 'writing' as you tell me, so much the more likely. But, again, we will have to see. Complete chaos I can cope with, but dreary disorganization I cannot !!! (Thought : though the British Empire was dissolved in ten years, it took 300 years to 'build' Rome.)

Now to some of our reality : I read the McKenna piece but don't see in it anything about a rodential origin for the primates, though, funnily enough, I have read just this some time back (maybe by the same bloke) in, I think the PZS. In fact, in this squib, he is hedging a bit !

play for the use of your undoubted and undisputed talents, for research, for writing and for editing, the latter only when no question of time is involved. There honestly is no reason under the Sun why a continued relationship of mutual and valid benefit can't arise out of all this.

On the question of our personal friendship, I would say the following: I have never in my acquaintance with you, consciously harmed you in any way whatsoever. It was I who recommended that you be hired originally, I who told first Charlie and then Nic that you were of immense value to the company, if you never did anything but PR. We have mutually exchanged many gifts, have stayed at each others homes, have traded information, have enjoyed many areas of discussion and each other's company. As I said above, in the one area, that of editorial responsibility, it seems that we can not agree, and that the disagreement is not with me, but with the declared policy of the company. It is my sincerest hope that you will understand this, and that we can, without the clouds of suspicion and doubt which have darkened our personal relationship, and which stem, as I see it, from you're being miscast as a day-to-day, working editor, *become as we were.*

If you can believe that all the above is as honest a statement as I can make, I wish you would drop me a line or give me a ring, because this whole business has been of the utmost , personal grief to me. I outlined my feelings toward yourself, which go back to my childhood, in my last letter, and so will not repeat them, except to say that they still exist.

Sincerely

Stirling

26th Feb, 1963

Dear Howling,

Items various and sundry. First, do the enclosed fit the bill ?

(1) The blow-up with Chilton has come -- or, rather, I blew it up. Instead of waiting my year out I have asked for a confab with Charlie on the 28th Feb. Doc got the jitters and has asked me to stay at his home the nights of the 27th and 28th. I have accepted. Frankly, I have to tell them that (a) I must have a lot more money for myself, (b) my expense account has to be doubled, and (c) I need an assistant in Philly and a secretary here. (My intention would be to put the Sage on regular salary for half-day seven days a week with two days off at our mutual convenience. He helps more by running the house and food while I get on with the written work.)

(2) The jewellery bit goes on. I have an offer of \$13,000 for the ruby and will accept it unless somebody offers me more in about a week. It costs me \$20,000 minimum to live for a year in the manner to which I have become accustomed, i.e., these 16 years, so it won't do much good, but what the hell, it'll pay the duty on the rest and Alma can go around for a year at least looking like a pjonsey Maharanee.

(3) It has come to my attention that one Lewis Paul Jonas, a famous sculptor, of advanced age and of Claverack, Hudson, NY., has just completed a fullsize, scaled model of the Sinclair Oil dinosaurs -- Apatosaurus ? -- for the NY World's Fair. It is made of fiberglass and has been left out all winter to demonstrate that it is virtually indestructible. It is to go atop the "Oil Building" in the US section of said Fair and will just about dominate everything. (Its teats will also light up at night.) It is to be moved down the Hudson on a barge in the spring and will make quite a news-beat.

It further comes to my (agile) attention that this ought to be some sort of a 'hook' for you and your metal beasties. I can't think why you, as gentleman of leisure and a consummate artist, don't just totter up to Claversack, wherever that may be, and just chance in upon said Mienherr Jonas (chosen, no doubt). Things come out of things like this. I got all this dope from Ernest Ludhe, who rolled in very sober the other day. Of course he's angling to get the dinosaur for his museum's back yard. He probably will too.

I have lots else to tell you but will hold it till Alma and I descend upon you about the 7th March with a view to groundhogging into vast cases of worthless dross and priceless art. Very unconvincing.

How is my godchild cooking ? Lord, give us twins, we prithy thee. (I can't spell it.) I have a silver spoon (small) in the stuff that may be insert immediately on birth or even before if Patti would permit an amateur gynaecologist to do the job. (I delivered my only on the back platform of a London bus in 1932. Good show. Even the mother lived, and she was fat.) Love and XXXs to the furnace,

2)

opening gun in a total revision of the origin of the various groups of mammals. The same man has also found strong evidence linking the earliest proto-primates with, of all amazing groups ~~the~~ the rodents! The world is certainly altering!

I am revising certain articles of G.G. Simpson's, cutting repetition and so on, and would like very much to have you see the stuff, since I think the book is going to be a very worthwhile project. Once again, do please come and stay, if you now have a reliable chap(and I gather that Freedman is) to whom you can leave the routine in the country.

All the best,

Hawling

P.S. I have had my beloved green pen taken away. It doesn't "reproduce" well. Is there a purple one on the market?

SR



TRADE BOOK DIVISION
new address/
227 South Sixth Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19106

CHILTON BOOKS

PUBLISHERS/a division of Chilton Company

Trade Book Division

April 14, 1965

Mr. Ivan T. Sanderson
Blairstown, New Jersey

Dear Ike:

Many thanks for yours of the 10th and I will forward the enclosed to Macbride. It looks like just the sort of thing he could use to profit.

I appreciate the kind words about the sales announcement from Cooper's. As a matter of fact, it made me laugh uproariously because I wrote it myself. They asked me for "suggestions", and when I sent in the copy on a piece of torn, yellow paper, they simply printed it intact! And yet they maintain a very high-priced ad agency. Perhaps I am in the wrong business.

Bound books came in this morning on Almost Human and the design job (Bob Reed) is simply terrific. I have given orders to send you one at once, so scream if it doesn't arrive within a week or so. I still cannot make up my mind as to whether the book is inspired lunacy, or just plain lunacy! I am in a period of bafflement over what the public will or will not buy. This one may die or may blast off, and I certainly hope earnestly for the latter.

I wish I were up at the farm instead of freezing in this lovely Spring weather down here. The only parallel to your Spring peepers that we have at the moment is the shrieking of management as we scratch one useless or illiterate manuscript after another from the Fall list. The latest is some moron named Rubin, who wrote he could write a book about roads in history, specifically of Palestine. Poor Tom is now in New York doing battle with ~~his preacher~~. *this creature! Oh, God!* I may add, parenthetically, that we are counting very heavily on your book, and also that there has been a lot of interest in it expressed by jobbers and other sales types.

Hope to see you soon, and love to Alma.

Sincerely,

Hauling

Sterling E. Lanier
Editor

SEL:db

P.S. Cooper is half sold out of my stuff. I am obviously in two wrong businesses! See

DANIER

10th Oct, 1966.

Mr. Oliver G. Swan
Paul R. Reynolds, Inc.
599 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Ollie,

The enclosed will (I hope) speak for itself. Lanier and I spent a very pleasant and pleasurable weekend, during which time I asked him point blank about those particularly unpleasant and inexplicable occurrences at Chilton. I refer specifically to (a) that Appendix E, being allowed to go thru in first, instead of third draft, and (b) the sale of 5000 copies to a book club at no profit to either the publisher or myself. Only now do I learn some facts.

Lanier now tells me that my ABSM work was only the second book he had ever found or edited in his life. Further, at that time he was but a junior ~~edit~~ editor, working under old Doc Macdowell. He further tells me that he had himself had grave doubts about all the appendices and had taken them to Doc, who had taken them home to read, and then handed them back saying that everything was ok and to get on with it.

I would have believed this in toto were it not for the fact that I know it was Doc who let publication proceed without the Index which was almost done and he who made that outrageous nonprofit sale. As of now, I am prepared to accept and believe Sterling Lanier's statements on all this.

This being so, we were able to get down to some solid planning. He read all the mass of stuff I have done on both books — that I now call, for convenience, "DOMESTICS" and "BIODIVERSITY" — and encouraged me a great deal by saying that he found the material interesting and novel in approach. Ergo, we sat down to discuss business.

As you will see from the copy of my letter to him, I have not disclosed just exactly what monies are alleged to be coming to me — this to give me a chance to consult with you and Alma. As I have it from our conversations last week, there is \$5500 coming if and when I complete both MSSs to the publishers' satisfaction. The first payment would be of \$1000 by Prentice-Hall for the first half of the Domestics. (I have six of the first half — 12 chapters — done and will have the other six done by the time Lanier gets here next week). I am prepared to pay Lanier \$500 if such gets done and approved. He offered me the inside of the four weeks in any one month — i.e., minimum of 22 days — for any such work at \$500. So, if this bit gets done, he will owe me the inside of three more weeks. During that time, we would get the first half of Watts' thing out. Then we'd go back to the Domestics, and so on until both jobs are done. I've offered him another \$500 to clean up the Watts job. I may have to be fair later if there is more work than we at this moment envisage, but I feel that \$1000 for work done is not only worthwhile but a sort of investment at the moment and I am happy to pay it IF

Sanderson
10th Oct, 1966 - 2.

the work is done up to the standard that we achieved when working together on the ABSM book — which, incidentally, the two of us achieved in two months from rough notes to edited copy, retyped, with maps, charts, diagrams, and pixs selected.

C
O
P
Y
I'm not only "dead broke" but virtually bankrupt, but I think I can make the grade if I have this technical help and get paid on delivery. If I fail on all this, I shall "retire gracefully" / Lanier is unfortunately a "born genius" but he certainly knows his biology, zoology, botany, archaeology, and can read a dictionary. Working with him was never a trial and I'd like to give it another trial. Dr. Heuvelmans has let me down completely on doing the sort of job that Lanier did once before and is now agreeable to trying again. We'd better keep this thing in the 'family' if we can for monetary reasons if no other.

So, I'm left with only one other point.

Lanier and I talked to Tom Allen last night and he was completely horrified to hear that I had heard from you (via Alma, I believe) that he wanted to drop all his charges against Chilton. He told me on the phone that this was absolutely NOT the case and he promised to ring you today (Monday the 10th) and tell you so categorically. I do not wish to drop my 'charges' either and, since the long awaited semi-annual statement by Chilton does not seem to have reached either of us, I feel that it is about time that we (you?) go over Greensveit's and Marion's heads, directly to the accounting dept. of Chilton Company — Jim Mydans or the head Appelby — and once and for all ask them for an accounting of and for the 15,000-plus copies of my ABSM book that they themselves admit they had sold by last spring. Where are the vouchers for the alleged \$2500 (of the \$5000) they said it cost to send telegrams out to get back the first edition that they snuffed. Also, why were 5000 copies sold at cost? Was this permitted in the contract? Why do I, with only a \$1500 or such advance, after six years and over 15,000 copy sales still receive only \$108? Ollie; it's just too bloody much. What makes with Tom Allen I do not presume to say, as I don't know but, from what he said on the phone last night, he is equally determined that we do find out just what went on. Let us face the fact that even 15,000 copies of a book marketed at \$7.50 must have grossed some \$112,500. So, let us say I got an average of 12%, that makes a total of \$13,500. So, take off the advance of \$1500 and there is still \$11,000. WHERE IS IT??? They (Chilton) say that it cost them (me) \$2500 to send telegrams, and 5000 didn't earn anything....still, I ask once again, where's the bloody residue?

If I can't get any satisfaction out of these people, I'm going to call in the Federal Auditors to rake into the whole Chilton bit. Allen says that he would concur with just such a proposal. If he does; so much the better. If not; I'll go it alone. After all, Ollie, it's your money as well as mine. There is something definitely screwy here, and I don't like it. So, ok, it cost me \$2500 to recall those books. Where's the accounting for same? And who said the Senior Editor could give away 5000 copies for free?

Now I am going back to work.

Yes as per always, (and my back now really hurts.)

8th Oct, 1966.

Dear Sterling,

Very possibly I am writing this far too soon after we parted company this afternoon but, on the other hand, it may well be advantageous to get on paper the famous "according to my understanding" before I forget it. And with all else that is going on here, I might well do that !

(1) Before we proceed to business, may I just say that our couple of days of frank discussion have cleared an enormous amount of 'air'. Now I know that there is at least a reasonable explanation of that deadly goof over Appendix E. in the ABSM book that has cost me not only all my earnings on it but a considerable slice of any reputation I might ever have had in the publishing field, I am much better. That upset me greatly and, although I have mentioned it tangentially from time to time I never wanted to bring it out into the open — because ? what's the use. Now, I am afraid that I have to say that the blame for this and certain other things must be plainly and clearly laid upon the doorstep of a certain gentleman. Ends this whole bit.

(2) The immediate future : we have tentatively (provided certain practical details come out as hoped) agreed to go to work on one project, as an experiment, starting next Tuesday the 18th Oct, and running to Wednesday the 26th Oct, at what we call the Farm. Initiating even this is dependant upon my ascertaining tomorrow (the 10th Oct) whether I can 'rustle-up' and guarantee you.....

(3) \$500, for which you are agreeable to doing a month's work ; at your convenience, and where you want — being four weeks of five days. If I can get the money, you'll get the full \$500 this time for the above noted one week's work, and will then (on a gentlemen's agreement) owe me three other weeks !

(4) If we get this preliminary trial effort done — and it is the first half (about 8 to 12 chapters) of the book for Prentice-Hall, which I call "Domestics" — satisfactorily and I get the cash for both of us, we will then confer again regarding proceeding with the next half of that book, and the other book (for Frank Watts) now called "Bioddities". At the moment I don't know exactly what monies are due me or on what terms but I will find out tomorrow and then tell you very frankly just how much I can afford to make over to you. By this I mean how much I am going to have to have for bills ! I think there ought to be enough to go around and, what I asked today and have been asking for years is the worth of doing any work of this nature unless one is eventually going to get paid for it or "make some money out of it". As I told you today, these are the last two "non-fiction" books I will ever do, UNLESS I do see some actual profit out of it (them).

(5) I hope that I demonstrated to you today the really enormous potential that we have just lying around here ; and not a little of it already contracted for. In my humble opinion, it is merely a matter of getting out the copy. As an editor yourself, I know you agree with me when I say that the poor bloody publisher has just as great a problem as ~~somebody~~ an author, while (still worse) it is his money. The author has just got to "give".

(6) I will look after the commercial aspects of these projects, and I will see to it that the mechanics (typing, etc.) are properly taken care of. I'll churn out

Sanderson
8th Oct, 1966. - 2.

copy ; you edit-pick, and slash ; I'll get the junk cleaned up. The research is done but needs organizing. This I will do as I so churn out copy, but there will be times when you will have to review said research, as a lot of it is out of date, apart from anything else.

C (7) If we can work on these two projects as we did on the ABBN book and actually get something that is acceptable into the publishers' hands, there are as I showed you today, several other projects lying around to be done. As I also explained, I am not "hungry" except for groceries, and I don't really care a (four blanks) whether my name is on the thing. Let's get the stuff out and the publishers compensated for their outlay. I will not go thru another Chilton deal as I feel that after any book at \$7.95 that has sold over 15,000 copies something ought to accrue to the author -- over and above \$108 as finally forwarded by Chilton \$ NO, no, no, never again.

O (8) I will ascertain the exact wishes and position of the publishers about the wording of the authorship of these works. As I said, I'm happy to have even the dear Dr. Van Gelder put his name on the thing as long as the publisher is happy and makes some money. However, if my 'name' is worth anything, I'll put it on. If they want only my name ; I am afraid so be it (as long as you get paid). If not, perhaps we might be the "whiz-kidz" ! I shall find out.

P As I said above, we have only one life to lead, so let's get on with it. This place is literally bursting at the seams with original and marketable material. It seems to me to be ridiculous that it is not put to work. However, in this day and age one simply has to create and maintain a considerable "overhead" to get anything done. I have so created ; all I now ask is that it be put to work.

Y As opposed to not "shooting till they see the whites of their....etc" ; let us not spend an hour of our time until we see the color of their cash.

I am sending a copy of this to Ollie but will be speaking to him about it on the phone in advance. If he approves -- and fails to find any legal loopholes that might you and I into further snarls -- I will type this out in the form of a simple letter of agreement. I ought to get thru all this in a week and then, if all is well, we will go to work.

Yrs, (as per)

Ivan T. Sanderson
"Guru", Third Class.

ITS:ss
ccs: OCS, AVE(file)

12th Nov, 1962

Dear Howling,

Much to report :-

(1) To get it out of the way -- the Herr Regius Professor Emeritus etc, etc Juan Armanta, is quite a noise these days. Apply to Prof. George A. Agogino, Baylor University, Waco, Tex-arse for details and address. George gave me the facts for p.50 in Abu ! Quite.

(2) Furniture, furnishings, goods, chattels, et alia. It now transpires that if we have over £2000 worth of antiques we have to get form Xqb-9991-delta-(9). (before it was £500 !) I have now applied for said form but had already written to five separate chaps asking them to help me get the fucking stuff out on the pounds-500-deal. Bah! Actually, we have just about £2000 of "antiques" and £900 of junk. So what does A do, apart from lighting an Abdulla ?

(3) This idea about a book on Biopolitics. First, I'm deadly serious about this and, although I would not have to do any research (a thing that I abhor, in any case) I would want to do a tremendous amount of thinking (over eggs and such) planning, writing and rewriting. It is a tremendous job, and needs real care. As to Chilton, I do not know or care, much. If I ever did write it, it would be a best-seller and no effing nonsense about that. Chilton would not like me doing it for you or anybody else. Actually, I am not going to write any more books except perhaps the jungle bit and the oddities of biology already contracted ~~xxx~~ for. And, by that time I fancy that Chilton will no longer exist. Alma gave it a year ; and/or me a year with it, so we might as well rest and observe. Solly, I would like to do this very much. In fact, it is just about the only thing I want to do but I cant now, though I might peck away at it in bits over breakfast.

(4) The place is crawling with well-drillers, carpenters, plumbers, and other "depth-men". A complete shambles, since all the furniture from the living room is in the spare bedroom for the carpet-man to put the linoleum down (which takes a month to spread before final tacking down), all the furniture from Alma's music room is in the living room while Fred repaints the floor ; all the walls of the bathroom are out back due to the plumbers ; the contents of the downstairs closet is in the upstairs bedroom due to the plumbers ; the contents of that bedroom are in the bus ; and the contents of one of the closets in my bedroom are in the spare room upstairs. I suppose soeb dy can figure it all out and in the middle of all this Fred must paint the closets in the new house and have all their contents in the kitchen ! Great.

(5) Last week was pure bloody murder. The Producer, Director, and everybody else knew (knows) nothing at all about putting on a TV show. As usual I had to do everything and had it not been for Eddie there would have been no show. Then they socked one Jane Fonda (daughter of

same) on to me, with a nauseating little prique named Bobby Morse (big deal) alleged star of a play called something like "How to make money and enjoy it" on Broafway as guests. They tried to steal the a show and I battled them for five hours on camera with the able assist of the entire prop, engineer, carpenter, and electricians unions present almost all of whom I know and have worked with. Boy, did we fuck those two up. The animals cooperated magnificently too. God, how I despise professional performers and especially so-called comedians!

Got back here last night at midnight absolutely pooped but happy as a linnet. No more TV or radio. (The other series out out too -- no contract, no show.)

Now I had better do some work.

Love to Patti,

Yers,

COPY

Nov. 2 '62

Dear Ike

First, many thanks for all the goodies, culminating in the washer. We are both deeply appreciative of all you have done and are doing for us, and also sensible of the small returns we can make for all this bounty!

2^d - in re. the attached:

Plus footnotes, it is self-explanatory, and a continuation of our many conversations. Also, it is quite vague enough for you to write whatever you choose. You'll notice the loophole's yourself.

There is only one loophole, aside from your flatly not being interested, that I can see, namely Chilton. They have no board to hold you, but could be indignant. There are several aunts:

- 1) They have no competent editor. This is true.
- 2) Not this sort of book, vague, and not really satisfactory.
- 3) None of their business.
- 4) The book would annoy Joe Raw. (in your opinion) Quite believable.

2) Now — I really believe that

this job would require very little
of your time. If any deep research
looks likely, skirt it and "philosophize"
instead, drawing on your own experience

You may not agree with any
of the above, but, — on the other
hand, you may!

Love To Alice

Auntie

TO: The President

FROM: The Editor

1. A proposal for a book by Ivan T. Sanderson to be done by the Macrae Smith Company some time in the immediate future, if Mr. Sanderson agrees.

2. Statement of the book as I envisage and as I would propose it to Mr. Sanderson, whose thinking is well known to me. ☑

- a. This book would be entitled something like BIO-POLITICS: sub-title, A Zoologist Examines The Human Species Today.
- b. The book would consist of Sanderson's views as a zoologist on the Human Species, treated as just another animal, purely and simply in the light of present day events. Further, it would show what can be expected of human beings in the future, examine their past record, and would indicate how, why and when they survive, succeed and maintain stability under every possible condition.
- c. It would relate race to climate, and both to politics. Races would be treated as sub-species and their various reasons for conquest, aggrandizement and other warlike matters would be examined, just as a species of Army Ant would be viewed.
- d. The book would be utterly cold-blooded, and also didactic, as if an intelligent lizard or Martian were examining the human race from a purely zoological viewpoint.
- e. There would be no "right" or "wrong", no "good" or "bad". This book would be entirely disinterested and would hawk no viewpoint.
- f. I feel that a major advantage in getting the book out of Mr. Sanderson would be that he need do almost no research. I am not sure that he would accept, but feel strongly that he might, since the book in both our opinions (his and mine) needs doing badly.
- g. A further advantage to Macrae Smith is that he is an extremely close and dear friend, and would take editorial supervision and instruction from me that he would accept from almost no one else in the world.*

☑ we sleep together.

* This is a horse laugh, but Don doesn't know it. What it means is that we persuade him to agree with us!

- h. We would, of course, have to pay an advance commensurate with his abilities and drawing power. (I happen to know that he needs money at the moment for improvements to his house, such as digging a well).⁽¹⁾
1. In closing, I feel that this book could be a sneak best seller, that it would be a great advantage to the firm and carry with it no disadvantage, since being disinterested, there will be no "viewpoint", that is, from our standpoint as a publisher.⁽²⁾

Respectfully,

STERLING E. LANIER

- ① Black treachery, but necessary meat at my end!
- ② Nerve tonic for Don.

27th March, 1962.

Dear Howling,

Am sitting on the barstool in the kitchen so that I can watch the sukarno-type rice, okra, and doused veal. I am all alone ; hurrah ; even the Sage of Hope went home -- he is decorating his house now, in order to rent same come the spring. We got a new back door today, with glasses : my. what a change of perspective and photons in the kitchen, which incidentally, I am starting to wear down next week !

I considered "certain possibilities and contingencies" all weekend and since you phoned me this morning I have done a deal of sandersonian planning. This, of course, means taxonomy and has resulted in the invariable and unavoidable Dichotomous Scheme. It goes as follows :-

(I propose to ascertain answers to the following, my own way, and directly, by asking Doc and Charlie :-)

- I. Is the Company folding ?
- II. If not.....

- 1. Is the Policy the same ?
- 2. If not.....

- a. Does it preclude my offerings ?
- b. If not.....

- 1. Will somebody competent edit the works ?
- ii. If not.....

- (*) Will I always be the Editor ?
- (**) How much will I be paid, for.....

- (1) Each Book
- (2) All books on a yearly minimum guarantee.

Having disposed of that lot, I shall then proceed to the more interesting details. These are rather many and varied. I am going to demand answers to all of them in writing and then some.

When I get Doc's letter to me about you, I propose to submit a progress report -- I have now been with Chilton for 6 months. With this will go a hard letter and an announcement that they may expect my presence shortly. Said progress report goes as follows :-

I have now "gone through" just 60 potential authors. Of these, 6 (six) have been given contracts ; 20 have had their preliminary offerings approved and are now happily tapping away ; and a further 16 have good ideas that Chilton has expressed interest in, and are pre-

private
27th March, 1962. - 2.

preparing or have promised to prepare preliminary outlines, memos, and such for consideration. This makes (in a sense) a grand total of no less than 42 authors, or potential authors that I have organized for Chilton in just six months. I do not propose to (a) let them down nor (b) let them get away from me.

Now, there are several circumstances in which I will have to quit Chilton, as per dichotomy above -- vide, viz, and to wit, I, a, and we and (2) possibly. If I do so, or have to do so, I will of course endeavour to take all my authors with me. The six that have signed contracts will equally of course stay with them for this book, but I shall bring all possible pressure to bear on them to give me their next book. And to this end.....

If I quit Chilton, (between you and me only) I shall, after consulting Ellie Swan, approach all non-Hebrew publishers in NY in series, starting with the biggest and most monied, and descending to the second-class pubs (bars ?) offering myself, plus 40 working potential authors at least, and also an offer to edit their works -- all for a fee (Oh, Yes, indeed). I will be most surprised if I cannot sell such a package deal ; and for a tidy sum.

If, on the other hand, I do not find it either necessary or advantageous to quit Chilton now, I shall just proceed with measured tread, doing what I have to do as long as I get paid for it. However, I see clearly that the real bone of contention is going to be who -- if anybody -- is, or can, going to edit the books I take to them. The first "response" came from Roger Garas just now. He is quitting Chilton at once if I go as well as you -- and that goes for his second and all subsequent books. Also, he will not countenance a new editor of his Antarctic book ! I'm sorry but, as per an ashtray I once gave you, "I'm sorry, Charlie, but business is business".

We come now to us. I have given this much thought but not yet enough. One of two possibilities would seem to me to be available for determining my first course of action. These are : (1) if I stay with Chilton, which means taking on the editing of all my authors at least in the natural sciences field -- otherwise I quit or (2) if I go, lock, stock, and bare hole to another publisher. This is a funny one.

If I stay with Chilton, they will have to guarantee me a very substantial sum per annum to take on the straight editing of the books I find and develop for them. As there are six now and a potential forty or so in six months, there could be 80 in a year and about 40 contracts, which means an outlay by them in advances of at least \$50,000 quite apart from my editorial fees which would amount to about \$8000 absolute minimum on, say, 40 books ! I don't get it because this way Chilton will be clean out of pocket about \$3000 to start with by letting you go. If they think they are going to get me to find, develop, baby, and edit new authors and books for less than \$500 per, they have another think coming. Thus, it would seem almost sure that I too will be parting company with expressions of mutual disgust.

private

27th March, 1962 - 3.

However, should I get the price I ask and so not do so ; or should I get my price elsewhere and transfer all my authors, it would seem to me to be logical that you and I should team up. As the Sage pointed out when I told him of these nefarious derring-dos, there ought to be enough paid for the work we have on hand to pay (a) you an annual stipend not much short of what you have been getting, and (b) an equivalent amount to me. In other words, if we cant pull down \$10,000 between us doing what we have been doing for Wienenherren Doc and Charles at our own time, and at home, we might just as well give up the publishing business. Why dont we offer ourselves as specialist finders-cum-literary-agents-cum-editors-cum-literary-baby-sitters-cum-production men, to authors, agents, and publishers alike ???? - ?

Bearing this in mind, one might then proceed -- both you and I -- to get on with our own jobs of writing and other things in order to earn an honest living. (I've just picked up another \$20,000 worth of contracts with NANA, FATE Magazine, TRUE, and a radio series, not to mention the three books I have on the stocks.) I have all the files, data, and machines to go to work selling written material as well as the outlets. All I lack is the pure "time".

Alma and I have decided that we will never have anybody or bodies living with us again, however much we love them. However, you like Philly and I hate it ; we have a place in NY, and the farm ; both of us have wives who, with a bit of periodical beating, can be made to type, edit, and bookkeep. I really dont see why we cant form a combo, like Cal and I, Umberto and I, and others and I have, apart but still "shputnikki" and get to work. Three days every fortnight up here ought not to be too bad if you are not going somewhere every day at 8:30 am. This life, without weekends, is really very much easier and much more profitable.

As I see it you need a minimum of about \$10,000 p.a. I have to have \$20,000 p.a. the way I have my life arranged. With your help, we ought to be able to pull in at least \$40,000 -- and without Walter McGraw, Cal Brown, and sundry other types who work for me on commission. If you sat opposite me with a typewriter or a tape-recorder six days a month, I'm almost sure (but not quite) that you could net yourself \$8000 the first year on a 60-40 basis working with me on what I now have under contract. (And, funnily enough, we just might make the most of it from Chilton, if I play my cards right !) Think that one over !

Well, enough of all this for now, but think it over. In the meantime, I shall round up my cohorts, and ask nasty questions. None of whatever happens is any skin off my nose. The work done the last six months is water (or some such) over a dam. Apart from the ABSM book, I have not earned a penny from Chilton yet and I am still eating -- just.

Love to Patti, and just pass on that she may expect this sort of chaos from now on if she wants to stay married to you.

Yours,

(Ike).

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ARTHUR WRIGHT, M.D.
Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. Sterling E. Lanier
2315 McClelland Parkway
Sarasota, Fla. 33579

Dear Mrs. Lanier:

I wonder if you know what has happened to Winnie in these last three or four years?

She came to Gould Farm (brochure enclosed) about four years ago having been brought here by two friends whom she had known formerly through the Theosophical Society in New York State. Her memory was badly impaired and she was confused, not knowing where she was or what she had recently been doing. She thought she had lost the better part of \$7,000 in transit.

We took her in and cared for her for a period of about two years, during which time she became very secure and enjoyed very much our homelike environment. She was a lovable and irascible character in our midst, and we were extremely sorry when her condition deteriorated to the point where she had to be given baths and care beyond what our facilities and staff are set up for. Her condition so far as impingement upon the lives of other guests is concerned became quite impossible for us to minister to. Hence, after a very brief stay in Fairview Hospital, Great Barrington, we admitted her to the New Boston Nursing Home, New Boston, Mass., Mrs. Italia Henri, Director.

We are in regular contact with her by phone or visits and have watched over her regularly since. She is most happy there. The place is new and beautiful and the people kind, warm and supportive. So much so, in fact, that she still thinks she is at Gould Farm, and whenever I visit her she always tells me "I wish I had found this place fifteen years ago."

Her memory for present events fades quickly. For example, the last time I saw her she was in bed in mid-afternoon. When I inquired about her health, she said she had been ill for five or six weeks. Why? She was dizzy, and in her characteristic and amusing rhetoric, she told me what she thought of herself and how soon she thought she should be decapitated because she had become such a nuisance. On inquiring at the nursing station and asking why I had not been informed, I was told that she had just been walking down the hall five minutes before I arrived, was taking all her meals in the dining-room and generally was as healthy as before!

REV. HAMPTON E. PRICE
Executive Director

September 16, 1970

I don't know whether you know Mr. Ivan T. Sanderson, R.D. 1, Columbia, N. J. It seems that Winnie and the Sandersons were close friends some years ago. He also has tried to contact her and I am afraid without proper response. However, if you should visit with her you would find her, on the surface at least, her old charming self. In general, her physical condition has deteriorated but very slightly the last two of her nearly eighty-three years.

I am very grateful for your inquiry of her and your continued interest in her. When next I go, I shall take your card to her and if I find any real response in her memory system, will write you what is said.

Cordially,

Hampton E. Price

The Rev. Hampton E. Price
Executive Director

HEP:eg
Enc.

I don't know whether you know Mr. Ivan T. Sanderson, R.D. 1, Columbia, N. J. It seems that Winnie and the Sandersons were close friends some years ago. He also has tried to contact her and I am afraid without proper response. However, if you should visit with her you would find her, on the surface at least, her old charming self. In general, her physical condition has deteriorated but very slightly the last two of her nearly eighty-three years.

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Cordially,

Hampton E. Price

The Rev. Hampton E. Price
Executive Director

HEP:eg
Enc.



CHILTON BOOKS

PUBLISHERS / a division of Chilton Company

2 Mar. '65

Dear Ike,

Many thanks for your kind and (for you!) even-tempered letter. One of the worst things for me about coming back here has been the interpolation of "business" in our very close relationship. I miss your sitting around and yarning more than almost anything I can think of. I do wish you would come and stay as soon as you can. And I might add, Pattie does too, and feels it so strongly that she is going to write to you herself. You and I have many areas of basic agreement and also of disagreement, but we never seem to get annoyed at each other unless the Chilton Co. gets in to the act, and I have an unprovable feeling that your dislike of any kind of routine plays a part here.

Pattie, incidently, never felt you had "taken" my job. She simply wanted me back editing with you, oddly enough, because she objected to my doing Chilton's work in a back room. She was not interested in money, but in my not being "recognized" as THE GREAT something or other. As you know, this has never been a concern of mine. I think you are equally well aware that I don't want your job (or anybody's job, for that matter), but only to do my own work in my own way. We have many areas of mutual interest and many also of total disinterest.

I would like to add, parenthetically, that Nic, despite what you think of the way he does business, values you highly as a person and for other reasons. For example, he is most anxious to publish a book, any book, written by you, and not because you owe the company some two-bit advance, but because he likes your writing!

Many thanks for the loan of the magazine, which I return herewith. I had to clip the two pages, but have put them back (after Xeroxing) in such a way that they will stay. I

call your attention to an obscure report by Malcolm McKenna on page 14. This may be the EAST WASHINGTON SQUARE (525 Locust Street) / PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19106 / WALNUT 5-9111 / CABLE: CHILTONBKS



CHILTON BOOKS

PUBLISHERS / a division of Chilton Company

Feb. 24 '65

Confidential.

Dear Ivan,

An illness of Pattie's kept me from the office on Tuesday, and as a result, I was not cognizant of the whole tenor of your conversation with Nic until this morning. I say "whole" deliberately, because I knew in general what would be discussed. The decision that it was impossible for us to continue as we have been doing, in regard to you and your projects, while Nic's responsibility, was arrived at after mutual and laborious discussion with both Tom and myself.

I am extremely sorry this had to happen. I don't know whether you will believe this, but up until last week, I was (as was Tom) constantly trying to keep Nic from losing his temper at you, and doing my best to see that you understood what the feeling down here actually and really was. My last long letter was as far as I could go, a last effort to make you see how you had, by one means or another, alienated yourself from the thought and purpose of the whole company. Tom warned you repeatedly, before I ever re-entered the office, that Nic was not Charlie, that he was hard-nosed and wanted solid deliveries. When I came back, I joined in these warnings. The whole character of the minutes, to which you ascribed my personal influence, was a reflection of the intense and mounting dissatisfaction felt with your progress and procedures, not by me alone, not by Tom alone and not even by Nic alone, but by all of us. In view of your apparent refusal to put the pressure on your authors, this regrettable result was inevitable.

Nic has discussed with us various offers which will be made to you, all of them honorable and potentially lucrative. If my advice still carries any weight, I would recommend that you think them over carefully and accept that which allows the fullest